

A Cemetery for Pets

THERE is an animal cemetery in Montevideo, Uruguay, where elaborate monuments are dedicated to monkeys, dogs, cats, parrots and other pets. It is elaborately laid out and one of city's points of interest.



Fiction Page



The First Reigning Woman

QUEENS have occupied prominent places in history of world, but their power has not always been commensurate with their titles. The first woman with sovereign authority was Semiramis, Queen of Assyria.

THE FORTUNE HUNTER - By Ruby M. Ayres

A Seeker of Thrills Finds Himself Mistaken for Another and Thereby Becomes Enmeshed in a Maze of Love and Mystery.

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(Continued from Saturday.)

THE Fortune Hunter made no answer; he, too, was looking toward the cottage. He was conscious of a queer sort of eagerness to meet Fernie again; he was curious to see what sort of a home the man had, and what greeting he would give them.

As they neared the opposite bank they saw that Fernie was standing at the open door, his slouched hat pulled down over his eyes as usual, smoking placidly.

He watched them without moving, until the punt entered the waterway leading up past his cottage; then he knocked the ashes from his pipe and sauntered leisurely down the bank.

"A sudden shower," he said; he made a clumsy sort of attempt to raise his hat to Anne. "You're welcome to come in, Miss Harding, and shelter."

"There's really no need," she answered hurriedly. "We're so wet now that we might as well go straight home."

"You're welcome, and I've got a fire in the kitchen," was his only answer.

The Fortune Hunter was already on the bank, and he held out his hand to help Anne ashore. Her fingers felt cold in his, and he kept them in his hand for a moment till she drew them away.

"Is the rain going to last, do

you think?" the Fortune Hunter asked of Fernie as they went up to the cottage together.

"Shouldn't be surprised; the wind's in the right quarter," was the laconic answer. He went ahead of them and opened the door wider; he seemed to be deliberately avoiding the Fortune Hunter's eyes.

"It's a small place, but you'll find it clean," he said in the same disinterested fashion.

It was a diminutive kitchen, with a bright fire burning in the grate and a chair drawn up close to it.

Anne, looking around with apprehensive eyes, noticed the orderly array of china on the dresser and the freshly scrubbed floor, and she felt vaguely surprised.

"Pull up to the fire, Miss Harding, and warm yourself," Fernie said more affably, as she shivered; for the first time he looked at the Fortune Hunter, and added, hesitatingly: "I don't know that I can offer you a change of clothes, Mr. Smith—his eyes scanned the Fortune Hunter's wet shirt. "But perhaps you're used to weather of all sorts," he added.

"I am! Weather never troubles me!" the Fortune Hunter answered. He shook the rain drops from his hair, and dried his wet arms on his handkerchief.

A sudden gust of rain had lash-

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY

THE FORTUNE HUNTER—Youthful tramp, who appropriates the pocketbook and identity of John Smith, whose body he discovers in the woods.

ANNE—Beautiful heiress, who loves The Fortune Hunter, believing him to be John Smith, ex-convict, who wooed and won her ten years before the opening of the story.

TOMMY—Ward of Mr. Harding, a crippled boy, whose life The Fortune Hunter saves, thereby gaining entrance to the Harding household.

DR. HARDING—Uncle of Anne, a shrewd country gentleman.

FERNIE—A prying trouble maker, friendly to Tommy.

FOSTER—A rival for Anne's favor.

ed the window, and, glancing out, he saw that the river was blurred and almost hidden from view in driving mist. "We could almost have been home by now," Anne said ungraciously, though in her heart she was grateful for the warmth and shelter. She leaned forward, holding her hands to the flames, her eyes still wandering curiously around her.

There were none of the many curios visible, of which Tommy had spoken so often with such enthusiasm. The kitchen was almost bare in its tidiness. An old print of the Balclava Charge hung over the high mantelshelf, on which stood a clock and a couple of pewter mugs, one of them filled with paper spills.

She asked an impulsive question: "Who does your work for you, Mr. Fernie?"

"My work? Do you mean who

cleans the cottage, Miss Harding? Well, I clean it myself, every bit of it! And do my own cooking, too! And I dare say that's more than you can do, Mr. Smith," he added, looking up at the Fortune Hunter.

"Oh, I've cooked many a meal in my time," the Fortune Hunter answered, laughing. "And scrubbed the floor of many a shack, too. I remember when I was in 'Frisco—"

He broke off, as Anne turned and looked up at him, the color rising to her face.

"Oh, so you have been in 'Frisco, then, after all?" she said slowly.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A Portrait.

The Fortune Hunter met Anne's eyes steadily. "I have been in San Francisco half a dozen times," he answered her, "but I have never had the honor of running a gambling saloon there—or of being warned off by the police."

He looked at Fernie with a challenging smile. "You'd be surprised if you knew all the romantic stories that have followed me to Somerton, Mr. Fernie," he said confidently.

"The latest of them is that I once made a fortune, or tried to, by running a gambling hell, in the company of some dark-eyed hound, who, I suppose, is credited with having acted as decoy for me." He laughed and looked down at Anne, but she had turned her face away and was staring steadily into the fire.

"Humph! It's queer how tales get about," Fernie said in his slow way. "I've heard a few myself, Mr. Smith."

"And circulated a few, I dare say," the Fortune Hunter answered good temperedly. "I don't blame you! Any of you! After all, a stranger must be very welcome in a sleepy village like this! It gives people something fresh to talk about."

"A nine-days' wonder, in fact, eh?" Fernie said dryly. "Well, you're right there, Mr. Smith; it isn't often anything exciting happens in Somerton. The finding of that man in the woods six weeks ago is still something we're all interested in."

Anne shivered. "We shall never know who he was now," she said. Old Fernie rubbed his chin and looked up sideways at the Fortune Hunter. "Well, I'm not so sure about that, Miss Harding," he said. "I've known mysteries solved years and years after most people have thought them all done with and forgotten."

"When you entered the choir loft and I turned instinctively and saw you there, I knew why I was to come. When you sang like a nightingale, I tried to focus my thoughts on my sermon, but I could think of nothing but the happy fact—Annette is here. I am going to talk with her again. Think what it would mean to me to live in the same city with you, to see you, to hear you sing—and now, because of that awful sermon, I've lost my golden opportunity unless—" he leaned nearer, "unless I can persuade you to go with me—on my mission of life—anywhere."

Annette did not answer that. Instead, she asked another question. "Why didn't you marry that girl in New York, Bob?"

"So," he said, "you've forgotten everything. That was another Bob Martin whose engagement was announced in our little home paper. New York is a big place, Annette. There are many Bob Martins there."

There was no mention of her own hasty marriage. Peter had been dear to both of them.

The telephone on a little stand in the room rang insistently. Annette answered it. And presently she turned back to Bob, both hands out, all the love of her romantic youth warming her shining eyes and crimson lips. "They saw you come home with me—the men at the church—and even if this sermon was not as good as yours usually are—O, Bob! We are going to live here after all!"

He did not answer, seemed not to have heard, but he put up his

The Story of an Adventurer, Who, Finding a Body in the Woods, Had the Identity of the Dead Man "Wished Upon" Him.

hand and took down the framed portrait of a woman which had been pushed rather to the back of the shelf and hidden by one of the pewter pots.

It was an old-fashioned photograph, and the woman, who was young—not more than five and twenty—wore her hair dressed in the style of thirty years ago.

FERNIE'S WIFE.

Her dress was old-fashioned, too, with a tightly-fitting bodice, many buttons, and a high, frilled collar.

The Fortune Hunter stood staring at it, the color draining slowly from his face; he seemed to have forgotten everything but the portrait he held in his hand, till Fernie moved up, and stood beside him.

"You seem interested, Mr.

Smith," he said in his dry, slow tones.

"Yes—" the Fortune Hunter started, looked up dazedly at the old man, and back once more to the portrait.

"A pretty face, eh?" Fernie said ironically. "Is that what attracts your notice, Mr. Smith?"

"Yes—no," the Fortune Hunter answered incoherently. And then "Who is it? Who is she?" he asked jerkily.

Old Fernie laughed dryly; then he pointed to the pictured face with the stem of his pipe.

"She was my wife!" he said. "I say was, because she left me thirty years ago, and I reckon I was more pleased to get rid of her than she was of me."

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

A LOVER'S SUBTERFUGE

STORY OF TWO WHO HOPED TO MARRY

And How the Girl's Idea That Money Was an Open Sesame to Happiness Received a Shock.

By A. M. Crawford

"IT LOOKS like the very hand of fate, Floyd. You're probably laughing, but to me that is exactly what it seems to be. I do love you. I want you to know that, but if you had been one of a family of five girls and had seen your mother struggle to try to give them the best she could, if you had seen her scrimp and save and get along on nothing for herself year after year, you would be careful about—about having the same experience. For marriage, more often than not, does mean children." Jean flushed painfully. "I'm telling you all this because I want you to see the situation from my standpoint."

"I'm trying," said the brown-eyed young fellow, quietly. "Now, this visit of yours to the Goodsons in Pittsburgh: Fate, you called it, why?"

"Well, this—this love of ours. You keep talking of an early marriage. You're awfully young, and you have just started out in the business world. You're a rising young architect, of course; but just now you're an employee of old Mr. Bartlett, and it is a known fact that he never pays princely salaries to beginners."

"A hundred and fifty a month—" "The Goodsons are rich. While I am visiting them I will likely be thrown in with well-to-do men. If one of them should like me well enough to propose marriage, and he's a straightforward, manly sort of fellow, I'm going to think a long time before I turn him down."

"As you're turning me down," Floyd reminded her gently. "But remember, I haven't given up hope. That springs eternal, you know. I appreciate the fact that you have laid your cards on the table. At any rate, you're not stringing me along until something better appears. In other words we're both free."

That made Jean wince a little. It was a fine thing to be free herself, but it was quite another proposition to regard handsome Floyd in the same light. But she was a determined girl and she put the unpleasant thought out of her mind.

The night before she left she had to fight her emotions all the time Floyd was calling on her because she was afraid that she was going to break down at the last minute. He handed her a jeweler's box. "My little gift toward the grand splurge in Pittsburgh," he told her.

When she opened the package she gave a little cry of rapture. A gold mesh bag with chip diamonds and sapphires in the clasp lay shimmering against the white satin lining. "Oh, Floyd, dear, it must have cost a whole month's salary! You ought not to give it to me."

What he said then hurt worse than anything else about the parting. "I may have all of my salary to keep for ever and ever, after this. No, pretty little girl for whom I want to spend it."

The unbelievable happened! Jean found herself surrounded with eligible young men as soon as she had made her first appearance in Pittsburgh. She was whisked from one function to another Boxes of gorgeous flowers every morning. So much candy that she began

mailing it home to the girls. For the first few days she knew the thrills of Cinderella. Then on Sunday she sent a special delivery letter to Floyd, who had strictly obeyed his promise not to write a line to her while she was gone.

"Have mother wire for me to go home," read the startling sentence at the beginning of her special.

Monday night, just one week from the time she had left, a very different Jean rolled into the little station. She put up her face for his kiss like a little child when Floyd entered the coach a mile from town, at the pump station. She held to his arm convulsively while he carried her two bags.

She was apparently so bewildered that she failed to notice that he helped her into a brand new roadster. When she did become conscious of the car, she said: "I'm so glad that you borrowed a car to meet me. Let's drive a bit before we go home. There are some facts I want to tell you."

"Are you still—still free?" He nodded an assent. "I was so—so happy at first. The luxuries and attention went to my head like wine. Then I began to see things and to hear things that made me suspicious. The Goodsons aren't happy at all. She's rather young and very beautiful. He's old a sort of tragic figure to me a gray old man, hair and heart, too—gray, because the life has gone from it."

"She's in love with another man and she—she tried to make her husband think she was jealous of him—even with me—her guest—because she wants to be rid of him, wants some real reason to cause the break between them. She's in love with his young partner."

"Money, the only thing I thought brought happiness, more than anything else—it has only brought idleness and time for discontent in that case. Poor little mother, turning old clothes, dyeing them, scrapping, saving—she's been happier doing it for us than that rich woman has been in all her shackled life. You aren't saying anything, Floyd! Are—are you glad I'm back?"

"Glad!" He put his foot on the brake and slowed the car down to a standstill, there in the sweet, fragrant darkness. "Did you find that rich young husband, Jean?"

"Yes, before I left here," she laughed happily, and quite shamelessly invited his kiss again. "Keeping on wanting me for ever and ever, Floyd. I almost choked that first night away from you. When it came 8 o'clock and no Floyd I knew then that I could never run away from my love for you. It's as fixed as the stars."

"Dear," he said, with a little catch in his voice, "we are going to be able to manage without that, to do very well for our family. Dad left me a comfortable fortune, but I came away from my home town and settled here because I wanted to go on my own, as you once said, and not on family name and money."

"I wouldn't tell you before, because—because I was silly enough to want you to love me for my own sake. We'll have enough to give mother some of the things she's always been denied—"

"And to send our—our daughters to college," said Jean, tears of happiness splashing down her nose.

DESSERT LOVE

BEING THE STORY OF A FRIVOLOUS GIRL

She Was Engaged to a Learned Man and Got a Few Hints from a Solicitous Old Maid

By Lily Wandel.

"I'VE brought you an engagement present," Mathilda Jennings said very gravely and placed a heavy package, suspiciously like a book, in Fritzie's silken lap.

Fritzie gave a polite little cry of joy and declared, "I hope it's a book because I've just finished this one," holding up a gay little volume; "have you read it, Mathilda? 'Fluffy's Flivver'?"

"I'm just aching for a new book!" She untied the wrappings and thought, "Gracious, what a heavy big book!" And then exclaimed politely, "What a pretty binding! What's the title?" "An Appreciation of Old and Modern Art!"

Fritzie looked at Mathilda in bewilderment.

Mathilda took one of Fritzie's pretty little hands in her own capable ones. "Fritzie, have you thought that this life isn't all lightness and pleasure, that it isn't one continual eating of dessert? Have you ever considered seriously the man you are soon to marry? A wonderful man, an exceptional man, a connoisseur of art, a collector of rare paintings, a lecturer on art whose eloquence holds great audiences."

"And isn't it wonderful that I'm going to marry him?" thrilled Fritzie.

"You are very pretty," it didn't sound like a compliment, more like a scanty catalogue of her attractions. "Fritzie, prepare yourself. Dip into this book and partake of some of its knowledge—some day you'll be glad. A man may tire of sweets."

"Oh, but it's so tiresome," Fritzie frowned at the heavy volume.

"Your line of talk is very nice for dessert, but some day a girl may come along whose conversation has real meat in it, those rare bits that appeal to an intellectual man like your Oswald."

When Mathilda had gone Fritzie allowed the heavy book to slip from her lap. "What on earth does an old maid like Mathilda know about men?" she asked herself. "Nothing," she yawned. "Let's see, what'll I wear for dinner tonight? Oswald is coming. Oh, and mamma's invited some old thing for herself, a Mrs. What's-her-name."

Mrs. What's-her-name proved to be a Mrs. Berry and a very beautiful red, ripe berry she was. As soon as Fritzie saw her she said to herself, "She's the kind that'll try to monopolize the conversation!" And Fritzie was right.

She proved to be a portrait painter and a very brilliant conversationalist. Fritzie felt a little out of things and had the mortifying feeling that Oswald was doing his best to include her in the dinner conversation.

Directly after the coffee Fritzie excused herself—she must run over to Mathilda for a moment (she lived next door); it would not take a minute. But instead she raced through the moonlit garden to the old arbor where Oswald had proposed and flung herself down, trembling with anger and mortification. Was Mathilda right, after all?

Then after awhile a smile of relief curled on her little mouth. She knew Oswald better than Mathilda did. He was the kind whose brilliancy needed a good listener—not a parallel talker like Mrs. Berry. He did not need advice and understanding, but admiration and adoration. And this Mrs. Berry, she was exactly like him.

Without her, Fritzie to be the listener, she was very sure that their brilliant conversation would not be nearly as satisfying. Fritzie laughed happily. Oh, if mamma would only be called to a committee meeting so that Oswald and Mrs. Berry would have to entertain each other! How they would weary each other—in less than ten minutes the conversation would lose all that fine animation! Perhaps Mathilda would help her to get rid of mamma for a half hour.

Twenty minutes later Fritzie tiptoed around the house to the vine-covered side porch where she knew Oswald and Mrs. Berry were sitting. Fritzie could hardly suppress a giggle, for she imagined just what was happening;

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